Enter Steward.

Stew. My Lord of *Gloceſter* hath conueyed him hence,
Some fiue or ſixe and thirty of his Knights hot queſtrits after him, met him at gate, who with ſome other of the Lords dependants are gone with him towards *Douer*, where they boaſt to haue well armed friends.

Corn. Get horſes for your miſtris.

Gon. Farwell ſweet Lord and ſiſter.

Exit Gon. and Baſt.

Corn. Edmund farwell: go ſeeke the traitor *Gloceſter*,
Pinion him like a theefe, bring him before vs,
Though we may not paſſe vpon his life
Without the forme of iuſtice, yet our power
Shall do a curteſie to our wrath, which men may blame
But not controle; who's there, the traitor?

Enter Gloceſter, brought in by two or three.

Reg. Ingratefull Fox tis he.

Corn. Binde faſt his corky armes.

Gloſt. What meanes your Graces, good my friends conſider,
You are my gueſts, do me no foule play friends.

Corn. Binde him I ſay.

Reg. Hard, hard, O filthy traitor!

Gloſt. Vnmercifull Lady as you are, I am true.

Corn. To this chaire binde him, villaine thou ſhalt find——

Gloſt. By the kinde Gods tis moſt ignobly done, to plucke me by the beard.

Reg. So white, and ſuch a Traitor, (my chin,

Gloſt. Naughty Lady, theſe haires which thou doſt rauiſh frō
Will quicken and accuſe thee, I am your hoſt:
With robbers hands, my hoſpitable fauours
You ſhould not ruffell thus, what will you do?

Corn. Come ſir, what letters had you late from *France*?

Reg. Be ſimple anſwerer, for we know the truth.

Corn. And what confederacy haue you with the traitors lately footed in the kingdome?

Reg. To whoſe hands haue you ſent the lunaticke king, ſpeak?

Gloſt.